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To those who regard the work of a teacher as a business merely the question is of no interest, but fortunately there are many who regard it not merely as a profession in its genuine meaning, but as a life, and to such this appeal is made.

### LATIN VERSE-WRITING

At the first meeting of the Association, Professor Harry Thurston Peck spoke extemporaneously on Latin verse-writing. He traced the history of Latin writing, in prose and verse alike, in the centuries following the classical period, and more especially in the so-called Dark Ages. It is the fashion among those who think of the employment of Latin in the Middle Ages and in the centuries that followed the Renaissance to emphasize the part played here by the use of Latin in prose writing. We do indeed possess splendid and imperishable works in Latin prose, in science and in philosophy alike, but we have a no less important factor in the perpetuation of Latin in the Latin poetry that was written in the ages that followed the downfall of Rome. Indeed, this factor may well be described as, after all, the more important. Latin prose, as coming closer home to every day life, was exposed on all sides to corrupting influences. The language of poetry, as more removed from that of every day life and as more directly based on the classical models, remained far purer than the language of prose. Two classes of verse must be noted: popular poetry, in which quantity gave way in part at least to accent, and poetry based, as far as was possible, on strictly classical models.

The speaker then called attention to the great amount of Latin verse written on the Continent and in England during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He commended the English practice in regard to the writing of verse as fundamentally sound, even though the English had gone to extremes and had converted a mere means into an end in itself. It is admitted on every hand that the best way to secure a thorough appreciation of the artistic character of Latin prose is to write Latin prose; in no other way can the student appreciate so well the supreme achievements in prose of Caesar, of Cicero and of Livy. Why, then, is not the same admission made with respect to the writing of Latin poetry? In some literatures it is, perhaps, possible to divorce form from content. In the Greek and Latin literatures, however, such severance is impossible. To apprehend Latin poetry aright, we must understand as fully as lies within our power the perfection of its form. Professor Peck pointed out that when European educational

methods were first transplanted to this country the writing of Latin verse was steadily practised in our colleges. Later, various causes led to the abandonment of the practice. This seemed to the speaker a thing to be regretted, for the reasons advanced above. He urged that the writing of Latin verse should be resumed in our colleges, at least in the last two years of the course. He spoke briefly of his own experience in conducting such courses; he had found the results most encouraging. Students who had had no previous training whatever in the writing of Latin verse were able, by the close of a course of only one hour a week for a year, to write quite respectable verse in Latin. The speaker closed by remarking again that he would have such writing pursued, not for its own sake, but as a means to an end, a means toward the all-important end of appreciating the form of the Latin poetry of the Golden Age.

Professor Peck illustrated his remarks by reading some Latin verses written by one of his students who had had no previous training in the writing of Latin verse. The English original, by "Hugh Conway" (F. J. Fergus) is first given, then the version by Professor Peck's student, and, finally, by way of comparison, to bring out the merit of this version, a rendering of the same verses by G. Preston, M. A., of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

### SOME DAY.

I know not when the day shall be;  
I know not where our eyes may meet,  
What welcome you may give to me,  
Or will your words be sad or sweet.  
It may not be till years have passed,  
Till eyes are dim and tresses gray;  
The world is wide, but, love, at last,  
Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.  
Some day, some day, I shall meet you,  
Love, I know not when or how,  
Only this, that once you loved me,  
Only this—I love you now.

Nescio quo tandem veniat mirabile lumen,  
Nescio qua detur te foveam gremio,  
Sive manum tendas onerato ingente dolore  
Sive mihi dicas dulcia vel misera.  
Ante diem laetum fugiant tot lumina saeva  
Ut coma sit canens et veteres oculi,  
Tantum regnat Amor terrae quantum patet orbis  
Corda, manus tandem convenient, mea lux.  
Tandem vivemus longumque bibemus amorem;  
Tristis nescio quo tempore quove modo.  
Hoc solum novi, corde olim me cupiebas,  
Hoc solum novi, te cupio, cupio.

Haud equidem novi quo tempore quoque locorum  
 Obvia sit facies ista futura meae,  
 Quale tuum resonarit Have redeuntis, amorem  
 Istius an sperem vocis amaritiem.  
 Fors erit hoc longis demum fugientibus annis,  
 Canet ubi crinis deficiuntque genae;  
 Lata patet tellus, certo tamen orbe dierum  
 Iungemus cordi cor manuique manum.  
 Quid via si reditus neque nota sit istius hora?  
 Post mihi te referet non dubitanda dies.  
 Nil novi nisi quod me, Lydia, nuper amabas,  
 Nil nisi quod vel adhuc es mihi solus amor.

The following appeared in The Wilwaukee Journal of June 2 last. The statement was made that the Latin poem was written by a Mr. Edward W. Hawley while he was a student at Harvard, and that the author was subsequently induced to append to his Latin verses an English translation. A letter to the editor of the Journal brought out the fact that the matter had been supplied to the paper by a syndicate and that the editors knew nothing of Mr. Hawley.

Ver pulchrum atque nitens prope adest nunc sero reductum;

Aura Noti lenis Boreae flatus superavit.  
 Vincula frigida nunc amnes celeres modo frangunt,  
 Turbate in mare se evolvunt fugiuntque loquaces.  
 Sub tecto aedificat nidum iam sedula hirundo;  
 In montes pecudes, armenta in prata profecta;  
 Questibus implentur saltus silvaeque columbae;  
 Dulce onus ab campis domum apes iam vespere portant.

Vitis claviculis "ulmo coniuncta marito"  
 Robusto truncoque haerens gemmas pedetentim  
 Trudit. Ver reddit laeta omnia amoenaque praesens.  
 Cur semel aetatis ver solo homini modo venit?

Glorious Spring's here at last, tho as late as if brought back a captive.

Th' South Wind's mild hosts have in turn put to rout the fierce legions of Boreas.

Streams once again burst their fetters of ice, plunge in wildest confusion

Oceanward, fleeing with joy; all their windings are rife with their prattle.

High 'neath the eaves the industrious swallows build new habitations.

Now the sleek herds wander forth to the meadows; the flocks to the mountains.

Softly the turtle dove's sorrowful moan floats aloft through the woodland.

Lumbering bees once again in the evening bear home their sweet burden.

Th' vine with all tendrils alert, winding round the tall elm her staunch husband,

Locked in his loving embrace, pushes timidly forth to the budding.

Spring when it comes makes all Nature abound with new visions of beauty.

Why come Life's Springtime but once to man only? Is't gone then forever?

From the Vox Urbis of several years ago we reprint the following:

#### BIROTA VELOCISSIMA.

Aspice; binarum sunt haec portenta rotarum;  
 Stat mea, qua impellor, vis in utroque pede.  
 Insilio sellam; vix dura manubria movi,  
 Sub pedibus tellus aufugit; ecce volo.  
 Si mihi tunc mulier simplex aut forte puella  
 Occurset, costas ilico fracta cadet.  
 Non populo aut plebi facta est haec semita; nostram  
 Heroes totam currimus impavidi.  
 Currimus impavidi, fera gens, iuvenumque senumque  
 Nos iuvat in media rumpere colla via.  
 Non cornu canimus, sed tintinnabula raro  
 Pulsantur; damnum displicet? ipse cave.  
 Ac nemo e multis ne tum custodibus Urbis  
 Scribat quem numerum sella homicida gerit,  
 Vix rupto capite illiso vel civis euntis  
 Naso praecipites tollimur ex oculis.  
 Sistere sic nemo nos coram indice coget,  
 Sic impuniti cras repetemus iter.  
 Sic nos ridemus leges ipsumque tribunal,  
 Sic vespillonum turba frequenter ovat.

MAURUS RICCI

Professor William Hamilton Kirk, of Rutgers College, contributes the following lines, written after rereading Professor Tyrrell's chapter on Horace in his Latin Poetry:

Quem sua praesentem mirata est Roma poetam,  
 Tu cave mireris: non placet Erigenae.  
 Carmine qui tantum tenuit per saecula nomen  
 Nomen ne teneat: displicet Erigenae.  
 Urbani in numero semper quem habuere suorum  
 Edocti eiciant: haud placet Erigenae.  
 Denique quem nemo est qui non dilexerit omnes  
 Odisse incipiant: sic placet Erigenae.

#### REVIEWS

Helps to the Reading of Classical Latin Poetry. By Leon Josiah Richardson. Ginn and Co.: Boston (1907). Pp. vii + 67. 50 cents.

In this slender, though very valuable publication Professor Richardson of the University of California has striven to give the classical student a clear conception of the laws governing Latin metrical composition in the Augustan age. The author is no stranger to the Roman Muses, and can competently speak on a topic to which he has devoted many years of scholarly research as well as practical reproduction.

Nor is he a dry exponent of hackneyed rules.